THE NEW PLAY The New Chauffeur. Another Burglar Lady Takes the Straight Road "In the Bishop's Carriage."

Opera-House last night. It was even uninteresting souse, soothing. Tisn't easy to explain just staggered through the part with a deluwhy. Must have been Mansfield.

same name," as the press agents put and expense. it, was all nerves. The story was a Miss Jessie Busiey, who has turned

brother to the noble gentleman who led drama. Leah Kleshna into the straight road.

Mr. Byron Douglas was hopelessly practiced in New York. Every word he swung around and said a kind word or two, but he was almost too good to be true to even Philadelphia. The theatrical manager was good, too.

but only in a negative way, as though he weren't quite sure whether a theatrical manager should be good. Mr.

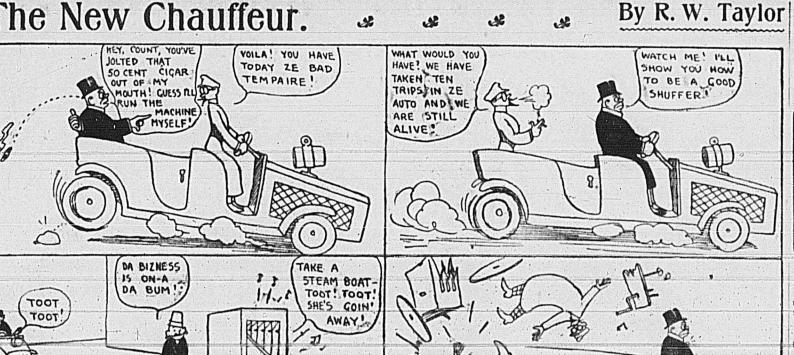
Nance with a white carnation and a as soon as she would let him. fame. He changed his clothes several looked as though he knew better, tor her as few headliners are loved. She everybody but Dorgan out of his paper was the only thing on the bill to him.

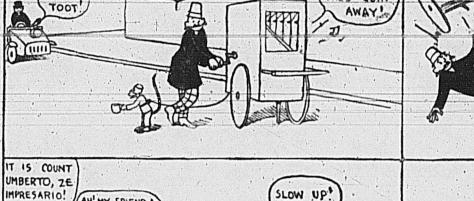
FTER the wild pig and Mansfield, showed a Tenderloin affection for "In the Bishop's Carriage" seem- | Nance. He was Edward Ramsay, with ed rather restful at the Grand a wife and daughter and an equally sion that he was funny. Any one who It was not like that in the other days. is thinking of taking the gold cure Miss Miriam Michelson's novel "of the should see Mr. Reed, and save trouble

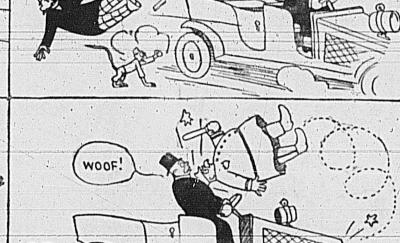
sumpy little thing, as chatty as a type- many a clever trick on Broadway, was writer and as lively as a thief chase. Nance. While she was had she was Channing Pollock's play is more jerky good, but when she became a sanctithan jumpy, but—well, after "Peer fied vaudeville "artist" she occasion-Gynt" is was really comfortable. ally needed praying for. On the whole, "In the Bizhop's Carriage" brings an- however, she gave a bright, pert perother burglar lady into the fold. The formance, with just enough exaggerafold happens to be vaudeville, but af- tion to please the house. She was best ter all it's something to reform into in her scenes with Tom Dorgan, her vaudsville. Miss Michelson married burglar pai, who was "put away" when. Nance Ofden to the theatrical manager. caught in the act of robbing Lati-Not so Mr. Pollock. Perhaps he mer's "residence." Mr. James Keane. thought this wouldn't he reforming-or was a first-rate burglar, as stage burperhaps he thought it would be impossi- glars go, though, like most of them, he ble to make a theatrical manager seem was disposed to make too much noise romantic. He preferred to take a Phila- The scenes in which he and Miss Busdelphia lawyer with a philanthropic in- ley figured gave the play its excuse for terest in criminals. His hero is a twin being, and made it very good melo-

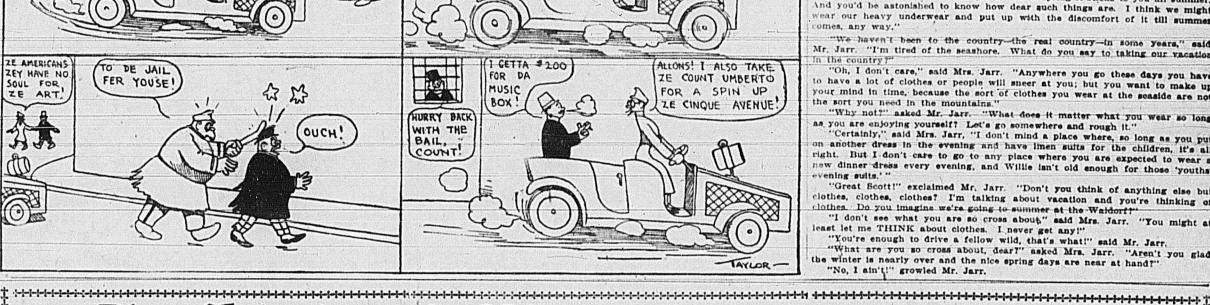
When Dorgan climbed through the window into Nance's flat, and after nobul as the Philadelphia lawyer who boasting of his escape, ordered her to uttered, no matter how small, was get ready to come with him, the play weighted with nobility. His walk was got a good grip on the house. Miss springy, and he had a rather fetching. springy, and he had a rather fetching showing without a word that Nance had showing without a word that Nance had grown away from her old pal and fliat she was seeing him with new eyes. Mr. Keane gave Dorgan's threats the real ring, and the audience breathed more easily when the hero. In full evening dress, rushed in and felled the vengeful jallbird as he was about to bring down Aubrey Beattle was Obermulier, but he a chair on Nance's head, Just for spite didn't took the name. He looked very he told the police that the girl was his comfortable in a "dress suit," and Pal, and Nance was obliged to trot over acted as though he had never seen a to the Thirtleth street police station in theatre. He was shy and shrinking-a her best vaudeville clothes. Here, under new type of theatrical manager and he the very pencil of a reporter, Latimer faded away after bringing Nance a told the police sergeant that Nance was box of flowers. and honest, hard-working headliner, and The noble Letimer made love to that he was going to make her his wife bleached bit of Omar Khayyam. He After a plea to which Miss Busley

had watched her grow from a pick- gave a touch of real feeling, Dorgan pocket into a second-story worker, and confessed himself a liar and Nance was then, climb the vaudeville ladder to cleared. Thereupon the reporter, who times, but his heart-never! He loved up his notes and said he would keep













ELL, it certainly was a fine day overhead to-day," other night. 'I'm glad you can get some comfort out of it," said

Mrs. Jarr petulantly. 'I wanted to go down town to-day to do some shopping, but my shoes are so bad I couldn't." "Why don't you get a new pair, then?" asked Mr. Jarr, "Why don't I? Why don't I get a thousand things I need?" replied the good lady. "Because the money goes for things for the children and for the house, and when I get those things there's no money left for poor mother, and she has to go without, that's why!"

"Oh, it's not so bad as that," said Mr. Jarr, "and it would do you good to get out these bright days."
"A lot of good it would do me!" snapped Mrs. Jarr.

'I haven't a thing to wear except my old winter duds, And to go out in them on a bright, warm day-well, you

"I don't think your winter clothes would fit me;" said Mr. Jarr. "And it's no use to talk to me that way. I gave you the money for some new clothes just the other day,"

"I'd look nice getting spring clothes this early, wouldn't I?" asked Mrs. Jare. "I wish the winter was over. I think it is. We'll soon be hearing the blue-"That reminds me," said Mrs. Jacr. "I saw a lovely spring hat, with a blue-

bird on it, down town the other day. I wish I'd left a deposit on it. It was most becoming to me, and I know some one else will get it."

"When spring IS here, old lady, we'll take a run out in the country with the children and gather trailing arbutus and pussy willows, ch?" said Mr. Jarr, who was feeling the longing for the springtime and all that is truly rural.

"Of course," continued Mrs. Jarr, "I have H in my mind just how that hat ooked, and if I could get a little inexpensive shape and find a bird just like that one on the hat, I could copy the hat, and it wouldn't cost me half what they wanted for it in the store." "I wish I could get a good, long vacation this summer," said Mr. Jarr, not

heeding her, "and just spend it somewhere away from town, where there were green meadows and flowers and the smell of hay fields." "I'd have to get a green parasol," said Mrs. Jarr. "The only parasol I have

is a red one, and I'm so afraid of cows; but as it was a cheap little thing and has all faded, maybe the cows wouldn't mind it. Still, it would be safer to have green parasol." "Oh, chuck the parasols!" said Mr. Jarr. "What you want to do is to get

tanned. And the children should get tanned and run barefoot!"
"Yes, and get their feet full of briars and maybe get lockjaw," said Mrs. Jarr. "If we went to the country I'd have to get barefoot sandals for them, and jumpers and overalls. And I'd need a whole lot of summer dresses."

"What do you care?" said Mr. Jarr. "You'd get them any way. I tell you to think of the warm spring winds, the smell of blossoms" "Of course," Mrs. Jarr went on, "of course, we'd all have to get light-weight waten underwear, because if you get a cold in spring it sticks to you all summer.

And you'd be astonished to know how dear such things are. I think we might wear our heavy underwear and put up with the discomfort of it till summer comes, any way." "We haven t been to the country-the real country-in some years," said

Mr. Jarr. "I'm tired of the seashore. What do you say to taking our vacation "Oh, I don't care," said Mrs. Jarr. "Anywhere you go these days you have

to have a lot of clothes or people will sneer at you; but you want to make up your mind in time, because the sort of clothes you wear at the seaside are not the sort you need in the mountains." "Why not?" asked Mr. Jarr. "What does it matter what you wear so long

as you are enjoying yourself? Let's go somewhere and rough it." "Certainly," said Mrs. Jarr, "I don't mind a place where, so long as you put on another dress in the evening and have linen suits for the children, it's all right. But I don't care to go to any place where you are expected to wear a new dinner dress every evening, and Willie isn't old enough for those 'youths'

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Mr. Jarr. "Don't you think of anything else but clothes, clothes, clothes? I'm talking about vacation and you're thinking of clothes. Do you imagine we're going to summer at the Waldorf?"

"I don't see what you are so cross about," said Mrs. Jarr. "You might at least let me THINK about clothes. I never get any!"
"You're enough to drive a fellow wild, that's what!" said Mr. Jarr. "What are you so cross about, dear?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "Aren't you glad the winter is nearly over and the nice spring days are near at hand?"

BETTY VINCENT'S O ADVICE LOVERS

MAN whom I know has a decidedly broad acquain A ance, which happens to include those two lar warriors. Admiral Dewey and Jim Jeffries. He sail

"I've met Dewey dozens of times on occasions form and informal. But I've never once heard him speak of hi own accord about his naval achievemosts. Jeffries is the peerless champion of pugilism. Yet to make him talk of ar of his countless battles (and each battle was a victory) i as hard as drawing a ton of coal uphill."

And so it goes. The champion is never the boaster. In no other line of life is this fact so noticeable as in love affairs. The girl who is heroine of fift heartbreaks and whose history is fringed with proposals is almost never the gir who bossts of such conquests. She takes them as a matter of course. That man should adore her is so commonplace a matter that she doesn't take trouble to proclaim the fact.

BUT-the girl whose conquests are few or wholly absent, the girl who forced to construe a mere civility into marked attentions and a purely plato: conversation into ardent wooing-this is the girl who boasts, who enlarges o trifles and tries to impress ther anused hearers with her fame as an enchantree It deceives no one. Den't do it. If you would win the reputation of having men hearts at your feet be discreetly silent when such as jects are trouched. Some on, what a pitiful, pathetic pretense it is times slience is the best self-advertiser. Try it.

Dear Detty; YAM a girl sixteen years old. Do you

think it is right for my mother not to let me keep company with young gentlemen of the same age? I wanted to invite them to my house, but my



pany without my mother knowing young. Obey her, Eighteen is time

Peer Belly: Y AM a young man of sixteen and am deeply in love with a girl of the same age. One hight I made an apbut on the way I met a friend of mine and I got intoxicated. I told him where I had been stopping at. I came buch



OAK one-half box of gelatine two

apples; when they are tender press through a colander, add three cups of

sugar and juice of a temon, mix gela-

"Keeping Company" at 16. | with me. Do you thank it was right disgrace me by throwing me out when wanted to take her out to the theatre If you think it is right kindly advis me as to what I should do. E. J. H. The mother was entirely right. An in toxicated boy of sixteen is a disgraceful spectacle. You owe the young girl and mother said she won't let them in. her family the most abject apology you know how to write.

A Steamer Fliriation.

AM a young girl eighteen years old I was away last winter down South I went for a trip by steamer. I me a young man on board the steamer. He WORRIED. was very nice to me. Before leaving h Your mother is right. You are too gave me his address and wanted mine I gave it to him. He sent me a pos card. I sent him one back. Some tim Her Mother Objects to Him. after that he sent another to the place



up here. The last words he said to me again!" Do you suppose that I will again!" Do you suppose that I will ever see him again? I like him very much. Would it be right to write this young man and ask him to come and see me while he is in Nøw York. He lives in Boston.

I was intoxicated, put me out. Since then her mother wouldn't let her go in New York.

AH! MY FRIEND-A

DA COUNT

DE KACKIAK

BON JOUR!

ZE AMERICANS

ZEY HAVE NO

ZE ART

thinking of himself, and he burted out before his knew what he was saying this called the reply made Mrs. Landys-Haggert distant answer: "No more I do."

The queerness of the situation and the reply made Mrs. Landys-Haggert had an orthogonal the end of Hannasyde's hick explanation Mrs. Haggert said, with the least little touch of scorn in her voice; "So I'm to act as the lay-figure for you of any that rags of your tattered affections on, am I?"

Hannasyde didn't see what answer was required, and he devoid himself several hardys-Haggert, and so was Mrs. Landys-Haggert, and so was Mrs. Landys-Haggert saw was with the least line and so was Mrs. Landys-Haggert saw was well and so was Mrs. Landys-Haggert saw was well and so was M

"No, I ain't!" growled Mr. Jarr.

* * By Rudyard Kipling &

May Manton's Daily Fashions

He got understanding a month later.

A peculiar point of this peculiar world and could talk cleverity; he was need the likeness of Alice Chisane before his eves and her voice in his ears. Anything outside that, reminding him of another persondity, jarred, and he showed that it did.

I there the new Par-Office one even him and spoke her mind shortly and without warning. Mr. Hannasyde, will you be good enough to applain, why was have appointed your count understand it. But I am perfectly critin's somehow er other, that you don't care the least little but in the world for me." This seems to support. To the way the theory that no man in sector tell lies to a woman without cling found out. Hannasyde was taken from gone, because he was always wisdom of his conduct also struck him. be used or omitted. as liked, and there By F. G. Long are the long lines that are so satisfac-

tory. In the illustration blue linen chambray is trimmed with white embroidery and held in place by large pearl buttons, but all materials that are used for children's dresses are appropriate. For immediate wear light-weight wools are well liked, and the shepherd's checks are peculiarly attractive, while later

On the Strength of a Likeness.

(if), Powerlaine of Govern Marce State

(if) They mirror is forting to the source of the source

Child's Dress-Pattern No. 5608.

all the linen and cotton fabrics will be in demand, The quantity of material required for the medium size (four years) is 4 1-2 yards of material 27, 3 3-8 yards 35 or 3 1-4 yards 44 inches wide, with 3 1-2 yards r insertion and 2 1-4 yards of edging, to trim as illustrated. Pattern No. 560S is cut in sizes for children of 2, 4 and 6 years of age.

Pattern

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MAN-TON FASHION BUREAU. No. 22, West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT-Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.

A Few More Lemons at a Cent Apiece. &2 &2



Marguerites.

Apple Charlotte.

water until the syrup threads, remove to back part of range and move to back part of range and liftle cold milk and add to the hot crosm. Season with salt, a little cayens pepper and a telepoon of onion be whites of two tags beaten stiff, then add two tablespoon truls shreaded coccanut, one-quarter tell spean vanila, one cap English walnut assats, chopped fine. Byread saitines

HINTS FOR THE HOME with mixture and bake until felicately browned. Very nice there at an afternoon ten.

hours in two cups of cold water: French Toast. T-WO well beaten eggs, with a half cup of sweet milk; dip stale slices of white brend and brown in lat-

t ne with hot apples and stir until coot; ter.
then harden. Serve with cold or while cream. Creamed Oysters. -

DUT one plat of cream (or part milk and part cream) over the fire in a DOIL one cup sugar, one-half cup I double boller. Stir smooth a gen-